

FORMER MILLIONAIRE IS NOW A SALESMAN.

"Billy" Camp Sells Cigarettes to
Those Who Supply the Men
He Once Entertained.

MONEY WENT IN FOUR YEARS.

Tales of His Wild Extravagance
in Dinners Are Still the
Talk of Chicago's
Fast Set.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Chicago, April 16.—William Carpenter Camp, formerly "Billy" Camp, clubman and good fellow, who spent more than \$1,000,000 in four years, and whose wine and entertainment bill for every day averaged \$500, is back in Chicago, earning a livelihood by the sale of cigarettes to club stewards and dealers.

To-day he is no longer "Billy" Camp, the "best fellow in Chicago," and his path through the city is no longer marked by a wake of golden coins. He is William Carpenter Camp, salesman, whose progress is marked by a trail of orders for the cigarettes, on the sale of which he depends for a living.

He spent a princely fortune four years ago in the mad pursuit of pleasure and happiness. He found pleasure easily. Each night he bought a fresh supply, and the price he paid often reached \$1,000. He was, however, not a happy man. Stopped in pleasure and fawned on by countless "friends," he was still unhappy. Now he says he is happy. It cost him \$1,000,000 to find the narrow path to happiness. He has found it in work. Now he works as hard to make money as he did four years ago to spend it. He has no time for unhappy thoughts.

Though fallen from his high place, William Carpenter Camp, manufacturer of the Persian cigarette, still holds the places that once knew "Billy" Camp, "good fellow." He was at the Chicago Athletic Association, where he sold several thousand cigarettes. Four years ago an interview with the steward would have had a different meaning.

William Carpenter Camp was at his eighth year ago. His father and just died, and the young man was a millionaire. There was much about him to attract friends. He was bright, handsome, entertaining, liberal and no spendthrift. He was married, and with his wife occupied a magnificent home in Michigan avenue.

FOUR YEARS WORK CHANGE.

The picture of the Billy Camp of 25 is a different one. He was broken in body and spirit. A few dollars lined in his pocket and reminded him of the millions that had flown. He was in a strange city, his wife was separated by the law, and he saw little to live for.

The William Carpenter Camp of 25 is happy, and happy because he won the love of another woman. He is content because he is prospering and has forgotten the wild days of youth. He knows the world. He is healthy and handsome again, for there are no more wild days.

"How did Billy Camp spend a million in four years?" asked a club man as Camp entered the athletic association. "I don't know how he spent a million, but I can tell you how he spent \$1,000 and that will give you an insight," answered the friend.

"We were playing poker. It was a stiff game and the ceiling was the limit. There was one young fellow in that game that had no business there. He had \$1,000 in the bank and was to be married. He had saved it for the honeymoon."

"Well, the game was old, but the exchanges had been pretty even for Billy," he was to the bad. The cards were dealt and "Billy" and the prospective bridegroom began betting. When cards had been drawn, "Billy" had four aces and the other four kings. I know, for I saw their hands. They called until the young man had his \$1,000 in the pot. "I call, and if you beat me I'll be in an awful fix," he said, and there was the most frightened look on his face that I ever saw upon a human.

"Billy" looked at his cards a second and he knew what the young man meant. "Your money," he said, as he showed the cards in the deck and the checks across the table. "I was just bluffing."

That was the way that \$1,000 of the \$1,000,000 went, but some of it was spent in a far different way.

"Going to give a little bachelor dinner," he announced to some friends one day. "Over at the Auditorium Annex. Won't you come over?"

His friends came. There were thirty, and a private dining-room had been reserved. Club men talk of the dinner to this day. It began after the theater, and when the waiters threw aside the curtains the sunlight streamed through the windows.

TWO THOUSAND FOR A DINNER.

"What did it cost?" some one asked "Billy" Camp.

"As much as that fellow out there will earn in two years," answered "Billy," and he pointed to a street cleaner on the boulevard. That was the way that \$2,000 of the million went.

One day "Billy" Camp decided to become a stock broker. It was soon after the death of his father, and the million was still intact. "Billy" Camp did not arrive at his place of business a week. When he did he was worth \$50,000.

"How much wine do you drink a day?" asked one of his friends.

"Get out your pencil, old fellow," answered "Billy" Camp. "Now, figure it out like this. If there is a wine famine every year there would be a wine famine every year. That was as definite as he ever was. He couldn't tell for the good reason that he did not know."

Camp began every day with \$50. Sometimes he closed it with \$10, but never lost, for there was no room in his pockets for a smaller amount. And sometimes he borrowed or drew more before the day was at an end.

Two men in Chicago, menials some would call them, have homes because "Billy" Camp's prosperity continued for four years.

One was a waiter at the Auditorium Annex, and the other a cab driver, who would carry no other passenger. All this while Mrs. Camp was living just as well. The home on Michigan avenue cost \$20,000 a year. It was finely furnished and there was a small army of servants.

The crash came, but "Billy" Camp was far from home when it arrived. He saw it was coming and wished to face it alone. So he went to New York. He had a few hundred dollars, but that soon dwindled to a few tens, and that saved way to open.

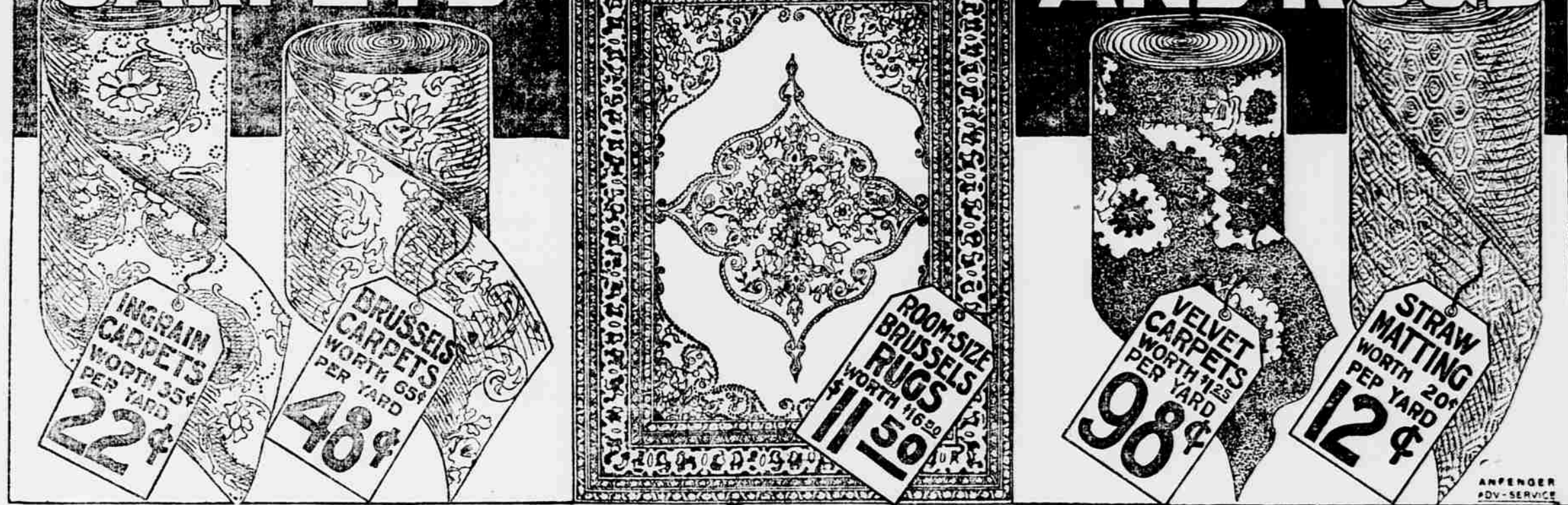
For the first time in his life "Billy" Camp was near want. Then his manhood asserted itself. By luck he met a manufacturer of cigarettes.

BECOMES A SALESMAN.

"Billy" Camp still had many clothes, and he looked prosperous. He became a salesman. He threw all his energy into the business, and is now making a good living.

After his wife obtained a divorce he met and won Edith Proctor Otis, and they are happy. The young man prevailed on her to give up the stage, and save for an occasional performance the four years she had no more. During these four years the man gave Chicago a wide berth.

A ROUSING SALE OF CARPETS AND RUGS



This great sale has met with an overwhelming response! Our mammoth carpet department has been packed and jammed with eager, delighted, enthusiastic shoppers day after day! The second week begins to-morrow! The values are here for you—a perfect mountain of newest, choicest carpets and rugs—the entire surplus stock of America's best-known carpet mills, which we scooped in at less than the cost of manufacture! Can YOU afford to close your eyes to such a glorious opportunity? CASH OR CREDIT.

INGRAIN CARPETS 22c
INGRAIN CARPETS 45c
BRUSSELS CARPETS 48c
EXTRA BRUSSELS CARPETS 65c
VELVET CARPETS 98c

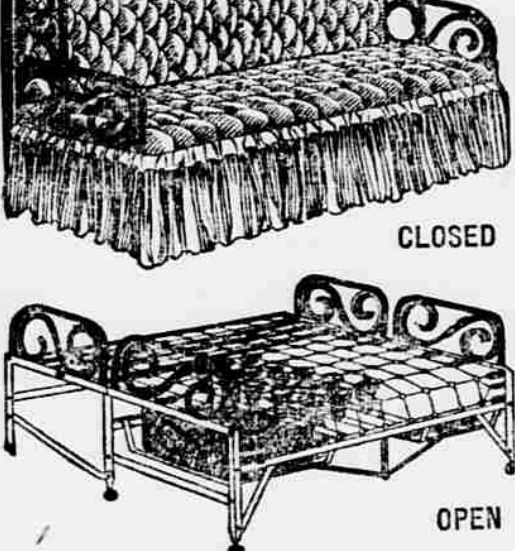
Blue and White Enamelled Sauce Pans.



25c
SPECIAL—2,500 fine Enamelled Sauce Pans, like cut—2-quart size—our celebrated Dresden steelware, blue and white, enamelled with white enamel. Being close-fitting covers and strong handles—full \$1 value—the grandest special of the season at this price.

INGRAIN RUGS Room size—8x12 ft.—choice colors that will wear and give satisfactory service \$4.25
INGRAIN RUGS Room size—8x12 ft.—extra super quality—guaranteed to stand the test of time \$7.98
BRUSSELS RUGS Room size—8x12 ft.—a finer line than we've ever spread before our customers \$11.50
VELVET RUGS Room size—8x12 ft.—the good kind—a quality of velvet we can heartily recommend \$16.50
AXMINSTER RUGS Room size—8x12 ft.—excellent in quality and beautiful in pattern \$25.00

LATEST IMPROVED IRON BED-DAVENPORTS
\$1.50 CASH
AND 50c A Week



CLOSED



OPEN

The very best Sanitary Iron Bed-Davenport made.
Has a handsome HEAD and FOOT BOARD when opened and a RECEPTACLE to store the bed clothing during the day.

Instantly converted into a full double-sized bed at night; with \$15.00—special at May-Stern's on easy terms of \$1.50 cash and 50c a week.

\$11.75

GO-CARTS

A GRAND DISPLAY.

Nothing like plenty of fresh air and sunshine to keep that baby of yours happy and healthy. Select the Go-Cart here! A magnificent display for your choosing—one handsomer than the next—and all at the most pleasing prices. Special prices for this week to induce early selection.

\$ 3.50 Go-Carts for..... \$ 1.48
\$10.00 Go-Carts for..... \$ 6.75
\$15.00 Go-Carts for..... \$ 9.50
\$20.00 Go-Carts for..... \$13.50
Others up to \$30.00



China Closets, like cut—handsome affairs, built of solid oak, with bent glass ends and pretty pattern mirror at top—a \$22.50 value—Special for this week at May-Stern's for..... **\$15.75**

Handsome 5-Piece Parlor Suits, like cut—A particularly rich pattern—finely carved, mahogany-finish frames, upholstered in magnificent green velvet. Price them elsewhere and they'll cost \$27.50. Special for this week at May-Stern's for..... **\$27.50**



\$2 CASH
For This Handsome Bed-Davenport,
\$24.50

Like cut, and balance on easy terms of \$2.00 a month. A beautiful and massive piece of furniture—frames and side panels of solid oak and highly polished—covered with best green velvet and heavily tufted. A swell Davenport by day—Instantly opens up into a full-size double bed at night. Worth \$25. Our special price (terms \$2 cash and \$2 a month).....

LARGEST LINE OF GAS RANGES IN ST. LOUIS.

Every size and every style in

RELIABLE, CLIMAX AND IDEAL

Gas Ranges—the very best makes on the market.

EASY TERMS.

\$2.00 a Month

Prices guaranteed the very lowest.

\$16 AND \$18

Gas connections made free of charge.



THE VERY BEST REFRIGERATORS

A good Refrigerator is an absolute necessity in a city like St. Louis! You know what kind of summers we have here. You're sure of getting a good Refrigerator if you make your selection at May-Stern's. Every Refrigerator in this entire line is built right, lined right and can be relied upon to keep the food pure and cold and with the least amount of ice. We start the season with some special offers:

\$ 8.00 Refrigerators for..... \$ 4.98
\$10.00 Refrigerators for..... \$ 7.50
\$15.00 Refrigerators for..... \$ 9.75
\$18.00 Refrigerators for..... \$12.50
\$25.00 Refrigerators for..... \$18.50



Sideboards, like cut—A very pretty pattern that you'll like—made of selected solid oak and has large French plate bevel mirror—worth \$13.00—Special for this week at..... **\$8.98**

MAY-STERNS & CO.

CASH OR CREDIT. S. E. Cor. Eleventh and Olive Sts. CASH OR CREDIT

AUTOS IN HEAD-ON SMASH.

Touring Car Weeks Runabout and Injures Its Occupant.

New York, April 16.—Two automobiles were in a head-on collision on Broadway greatly pleasing amateur critics who had been expecting such a collision for some time.

It took place at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street. The automobiles went up in the air, one man went through the air into the street, and the whole front of one machine was jammed into a pile of scrap iron, pipes and wires. The other, which was the larger, and its driver escaped unharmed.

The injured man is W. J. Wentz, who had a runabout automobile weighing about 250 pounds. The man in the larger automobile was H. H. Hill, an employee of H. S. Black, president of the Puller Construction Company. The machine was one of the heavy touring kind.

Wentz was going north behind a Broadway car. He turned out to get around and past the car, and it is alleged, went around on the wrong side.

Hill, who was on the front seat of the big automobile, said that his machine was making about six miles an hour. Other people say it was more.

People who saw the collision had a treat like that afforded to crowds along Western railroads when two old engines are sent against each other.

When the collision occurred there was a crunching as if the big machine's front were grinding out the mechanism of the smaller one. Then their fronts came down out of the air and rebounded on the pavement. Wentz was shot out of the side of his machine, and sprawled on the street. His machine gave some sputters and then stood still, for all the world like the end of a junk shop. The axle in front was broken, both wheels smashed up, tires were cut and the dashboard was twisted out of shape.

Wentz was not badly hurt. His legs were bruised, but he did not have to be attended by a surgeon. Hill was not dislodged from his seat. His machine was scratched, but not otherwise damaged.

MOB SOUGHT TO LYNCH A CHILD'S ASSAILANT.

Policeman Rescued Man Just as Enraged Crowd Was About to Take Vengeance.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, April 16.—John Rouck, a carpenter, who says his home is in Batavia, N. Y., narrowly escaped lynching at the hands of a mob in Passaic, N. J.

He was rescued by Policeman Coen just as the mob was closing in on him and hustled to the police station.

Rouck was later arraigned in the Police Court charged with attacking Josephine Lomato, 7 years old daughter of Joseph Lomato, of No. 21 Water street. The child, with several companions, was playing in a vacant lot in State street when Rouck made an attempt to strike her. Her screams attracted the attention of nearby residents, and Rouck fled, pursued by a crowd which quickly collected.

He had a hand saw under his arm. Several of his pursuers were armed with knives. Policeman Coen had to beat the crowd back with his club in order to get his prisoner to a place of safety until he could summon aid from police headquarters.

In the Police Court Rouck refused to make any statement, and Judge Bowker declined to fix bail. When Rouck was taken to the county jail in Paterson a crowd gathered in front of the police station and the prisoner was escorted to a car under a guard of police.